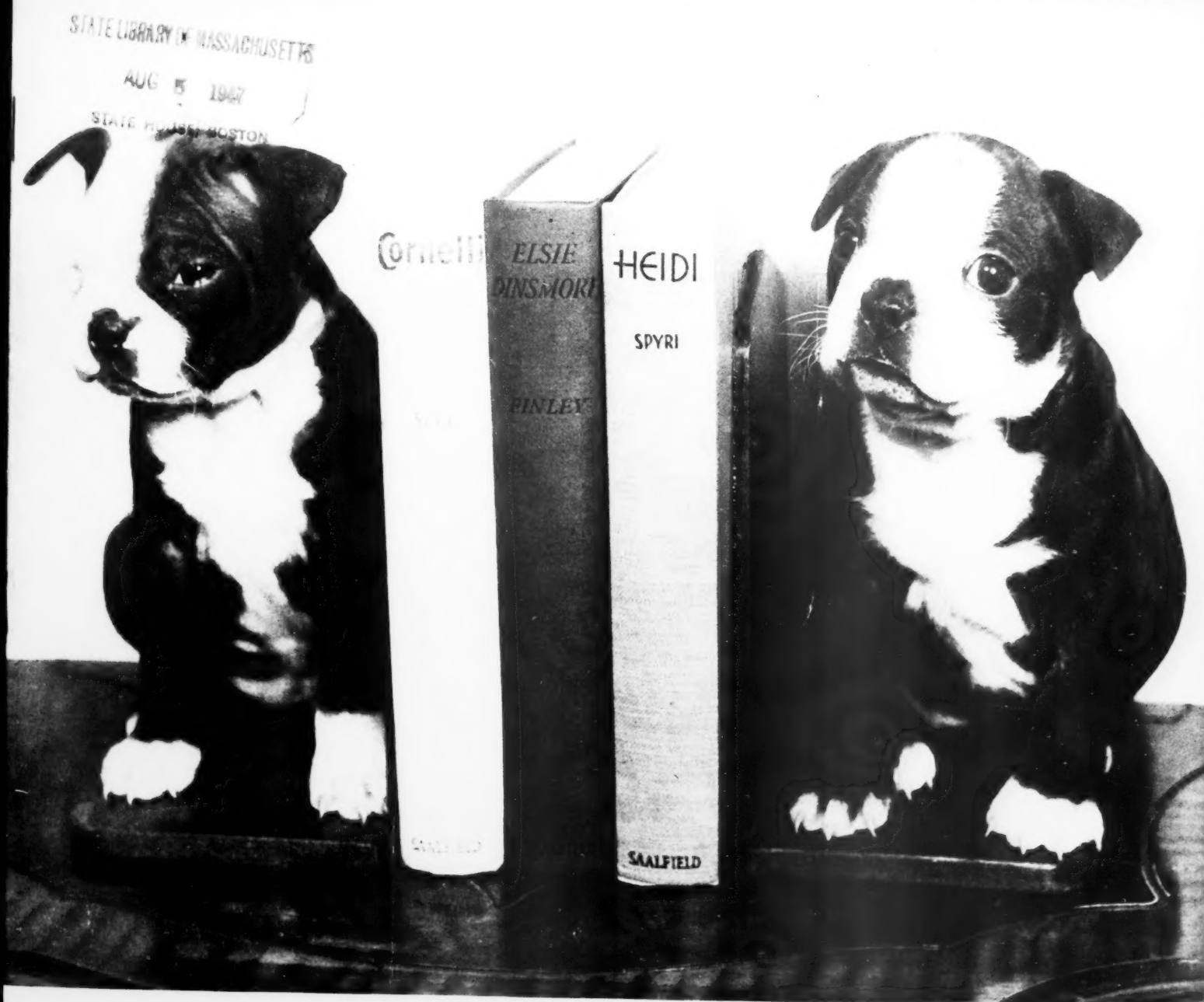


# OUR DUMB Animals



JUST A COUPLE OF BOOK ENDS!

Photo, Americo Grasso

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY



Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW  
Assistant Editor — KATHARINE H. PIPER



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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

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VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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## “Death in the Afternoon”

THE above title from Ernest Hemingway's book, glorifying bullfighting, describes accurately what happens in the bull ring whenever one of the unfortunate creatures is forced to meet various and assorted killers who, after carefully planned torture, finally dispatch the animal.

When President Truman recently visited Mexico he was invited to attend a bullfight, but he wisely refused to do so and thus set a splendid example for all Americans to follow.

*Collier's Magazine*, however, in a recent issue showed poor judgment in publishing an article, amply illustrated with color photographs, about a female bullfighter. She is quoted as finding fault with her manager because he goes hunting, which she considers cruel—but bullfighting, she claims is different because “it is an even battle.” *Even battle!* When the picadors are through harassing the bull to get him angry, the lady bull fighter begins to place banderillas in the unfortunate animal's shoulder—they are sharp barbed darts that must cause excruciating pain. Then, after more torture and cape waving, she ultimately kills the bull. *Even battle!* The bull always winds up dead after first having been tortured and frightened by the yelling of the maniacs who fill the stands. Let *Collier's* devote its pages to a sport that is more American, like baseball, and refrain from encouraging the bullfight and all its attending cruelties.

The spectacle of helpless animals tortured and finally killed for the amusement of the onlookers is contrary to that sense of Christian civilization and kindness which should include even the animals within its scope.

E. H. H.

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# Dogs with Royal Masters

By LAURA ALICE BOYD

**R**ECENT excavations near Mosul in Iraq have brought to light many seals which were used by monarchs 5,000 years ago in signing documents. The favorite design for such seals is a dog, a tall, slim, very graceful creature used in hunting and very like the Saluki of modern times.

The tombs of ancient Egypt furnish pictures of at least four kinds of domesticated dogs, a wolf hound, a hound, a greyhound and a type of terrier. So highly did the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt prize their dogs that images of them were placed in their tombs. Images of hounds are to be found in the Great Pyramid of Cheops and in the tomb of Rameses II, while Tutankhamen's bier was guarded by the statues of two huge mastiffs.

Herodotus, the Greek historian, says that during the time of the supremacy of Babylon four cities were required to furnish food for the royal dogs in lieu of taxes.

The city of Perites in Asia Minor was named by Alexander the Great in honor of his dog. This huge creature was the conqueror's constant companion.

Alcibiades had a dog which attended him in battle. At one time when he lay wounded, the dog, also wounded, sought to draw the arrows from his master's body.

An early king of Denmark was assassinated and his body hidden but the king's

dog led his friends to the burial place and later tracked down the murderer.

Frederick The Great, of Prussia, had many dogs upon whom he lavished his affection. Near his palace, Sans Souci, is the burial ground where these pets are buried and in this plot of ground the king insisted he too wished to be buried. "Here," he said, "I would rest among my truest friends."

Credit is given to Queen Victoria's little woolly dog for the alliance which existed between Victorian England and the France of the Second Empire. This little dog, whose temper was not the most gentle, was a great favorite with the queen although he was not very popular with the rest of the court because of his fondness for snapping at their ankles. On one occasion Queen Victoria and her consort, Prince Albert, went to France to visit the Emperor, Louis Napoleon, and his beautiful wife, Eugenie. They found on their arrival that their royal hosts in planning for their comfort had tried to reproduce the exact furnishings of Windsor Castle. The Queen remarked to her host that so homelike did the room look that she would expect to see her little dog come trotting to meet her. The hint was enough; swift messengers brought the little dog across the Channel to the great delight of the Queen who ever after held the French monarch in high regard.



A royal dog with a royal master, "Rickey," a Husky, accompanied Admiral Richard E. Byrd on three polar expeditions. Here he is shown shaking hands with Bernard Riley before boarding an American Airlines Flagship for Washington to rejoin his owner, Lt. Comdr. F. E. Dustin.

## Here and There

**C**OMPANIONSHIP with a dog has a psychological effect on children and adults alike. Take, for instance, the boy who has a dog which has been "bluffed" into running by the neighbor's dog and then suddenly turns and thrashes the "bully." Here is an object lesson for the boy. You will hear him tell his pals with pride of how his dog wouldn't be bluffed.

—Ken-L-Bits

Teacher—"Freddie, your essay on 'My Mother' is exactly the same as your brother's, word for word."

Freddie—"Yes, sir. We have the same mother."

—Mississippi Spectator

**I**F I had a son, I'd probably be frightened. I'd feel that it would be my fault if my son didn't grow up to be a fine, honest man—a good citizen in every sense of the word. If I couldn't supply my son with sound character through home training, I'd know that none of my wordly ambitions for him would ever be realized. Every boy is a hero-worshiper. His inclination is to look up to his father as head of the house, a repository of all knowledge, the universal provider, the righteous judge. If I couldn't answer my son's questions I'd say so. Then we'd get together and find out.

—J. Edgar Hoover

**I** CANNOT understand why so many millions of good brains and potential successes are satisfied to be stagnant pools in the swift river of life. I cannot understand the lack of ambition, of zest and enthusiasm, that makes so many expect to get a lot and give so little. Too many people still think the world owes them a living, without realizing that nobody owes them anything unless they have done something first, and that it must have a value.

—Erick Brandies

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

—Balfour

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# Canine Fire Fighters

by S. J.  
Dreyfuss

**In addition to  
thwarting the attempts  
of incendiaries,  
these dogs find  
many lost persons  
and track down  
criminals.**

**T**HE bloodhound has long been noted for its value in police duty, but it wasn't until 1939 that bloodhounds began to prove their worth in forest fire prevention.

Bloodhounds, of course, cannot put out fires. Their chief value is in reducing the number of incendiary fires in the National Forests of the United States. Provided with an adequate starting point the dogs may trail and find the guilty persons or scare them so thoroughly that they will start no more fires. In many areas the very fact that fire-control men have a bloodhound available has reduced the number of man-caused conflagrations.

A bloodhound is not a substitute for a well trained two-legged investigator, and very few court cases have been won on the strength of the dog's evidence alone. The dog is simply an aid, but the dog will do his part in most in-



U. S. Forest Service Photo

stances by following the trail to the man or to the point where he leaves no trail. His trailing will often indicate who the suspect is and give reasonable assurance that the man was at the point where the trail was picked up. With the information supplied by the dog's trailing the investigator has a start and can generally do the rest of the job successfully.

Bloodhounds are not infallible; they differ even as people do. Some have good noses; some don't. Some work slowly, some fast; some will work with anyone, some only with a trainer who can handle them. All work best with a person to whom they are accustomed.

On the whole, relatively few bloodhounds have been found suitable for fire law enforcement. Training is far more important than pedigree, although dogs purchased for a fire job must have both. Experience in using bloodhounds in Arkansas, West Virginia, Virginia and Kentucky has shown that the best results are obtained by purchasing dogs three to five years old with at least two years of intensive training in trailing.

Bloodhounds are trained to follow men exclusively and therefore will not follow

a horse and cannot trail a man if he gets into a car. A great many hunts have ended for the dog where a car has been parked. From this point on the Forest Service investigator is left to his own resources.

Most bloodhounds differ in their trailing methods. Some get the scent from bushes or even through wind currents. Such dogs sometimes short-cut the exact trail. Some trail with nose to the ground, tail high. Most of them are difficult to hold, particularly on a downhill trail or through bushy or rough areas. Some dogs bay on the track; some trail silently, depending on their training. Obviously a silent trailer is preferable. When the dog is taken from the kennel for a chase the leash is held close to his neck to prevent trailing until the desired starting point has been reached.

Frequently there are requests for the dog's services in work other than fire cases, once he has shown that he can work out a trail. Forest Service dogs have found countless persons lost in the woods and worked with local police authorities in tracking down persons guilty of everything from murder to theft.

## ANIMAL LORE



**BATS,  
MOLES AND  
SHREWS  
DO HAVE EYES.  
THEY ARE VERY SMALL,  
HOWEVER, AND DIFFICULT  
TO SEE.**

## Peace Instead of War

By D. S. HALE

**PERKY**" was a nice little gray kitty. We gave her a snug box to sleep in and for housekeeping when her babies arrived—as arrive they did, three of them, all DEAD.

Perky was inconsolable, so when we found that "Blacky," a plain alley cat, had a litter of five husky little felines under a corner of the barn we took two of them and placed them in Perky's box. Perky cuddled them, licked them and purred delightedly over them, but in a few minutes she jumped out of the box and soon returned with another of Blacky's kittens in her mouth. She placed it gently with the other two, then, making two more trips, she brought the others and settled down to housekeeping, with a real family.

When Blacky returned and found all her kittens gone she prowled around until she found Perky with her adopted family. She retired to her home under the barn and waited. Sooner or later she knew Perky would leave her family and go a-hunting. Sure enough, after the kittens were fed and licked clean, Perky jumped out of her box and went about affairs of her own.

As soon as she was out of sight Blacky began the task of returning her kittens. One at a time she carried them home and settled down contentedly.

Perky made no fuss when she found her family gone but waited till Blacky went a-hunting, then she carefully carried all five of the kittens back to her box only to have them stolen again by their rightful mother.

Perky gave up and mewing plaintively she presented herself at Blacky's home and offered to help nurse the kittens. Blacky moved over and Perky moved in and the two cats took over the job together, nursing, washing and caring for them, each helping willingly when help was needed.

Peace instead of war—and how much better—no wounds—no casualties—and a just division of labor.

Are cats wiser than men?

## Dog Mail Carrier

By HENRY C. NICHOLAS

**JAMES MELTON**, a substitute mail carrier during World War II, was given a route in the suburbs of Nutley, N. J., where the houses are some distance apart. While standing a little confused the first day regarding how he should find the first house, a police dog whose name he later learned was "Duke" came trotting up to him.

The dog then started down one street, turning his head to see that Melton was following him. The carrier followed and soon found the first house on his route. Duke waited while he walked down the path to the house, and then continued to walk beside him while he delivered the mail.

Some blocks farther, Duke ran ahead and started across a vacant lot. When Melton did not follow him the dog turned and barked, and then trotted a few yards farther and repeated this performance. Melton decided to follow him and when the path came out on another street, Duke went up the walk of the first house on the left. Sure enough, this was the next house on his route and the short cut across the field had saved Melton from walking two long blocks.

A block farther Melton says that he had an experience which left him speechless. Having no mail for one of the houses, he went past it and continued on down the street. But Duke ran down the path and up the steps of the house and started barking. Thinking that the people who lived in this house owned the dog, Melton went up the steps and rang the bell. When nobody answered and Duke continued to bark and nose the door, he opened the door and found a package waiting to be mailed.

On his return to the post office, Melton learned that it was the custom of war workers living in this house to leave packages to be mailed in this manner. They had neglected to tell him about it and he would have never known about it, if it had not been for Duke.

As long as Melton remained on this route, Duke met him every morning and continued to escort him around. The carrier never learned to whom the dog belonged or where he lived. When they came to the last house on the route, Milton says that Duke would bark once or twice as if saying goodbye and then trot off across a field and disappear.



He leads a dog's life!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS





Photo by Arthur L. Schoenl

*A merry little fellow is that creature—*

# The Lovable Chipmunk

By HENRY H. GRAHAM

THE chipmunk is one of the cleverest and most interesting members of the squirrel family. Perhaps this is true because of the natural friendliness of the creature. The chipmunk makes friends with man if given half a chance. Other squirrels are not so tame.

Often I have persuaded chipmunks to eat from my hand after being shy at first. Every woodsman knows the little fellow, which whisks here and there among the logs of woodpiles and scampers over rocks. The chipmunk has furnished company for many a lonely logger, trapper and miner.

This little animal is really a ground squirrel averaging a scant half foot in length. It is striped on the back and reddish brown as to color. A peculiarity of the creature is its shrill, high-pitched voice, used chiefly when alarmed. Once frightened by a hawk, owl or man it loses no time in seeking the shelter of an underground den. After its confidence in a person is shaken considerable difficulty is experienced in winning back its affection.

The chipmunk lives principally on nuts, grains and grasses which are stored for winter use. The animal is found chiefly at high elevations, particularly in evergreen regions. When snow begins to fly and the weather grows cold the chipmunk hibernates in underground holes where it remains until the first grass of spring starts to grow. The chipmunk is a merry little fellow to have around and many wilderness people like him tremendously.

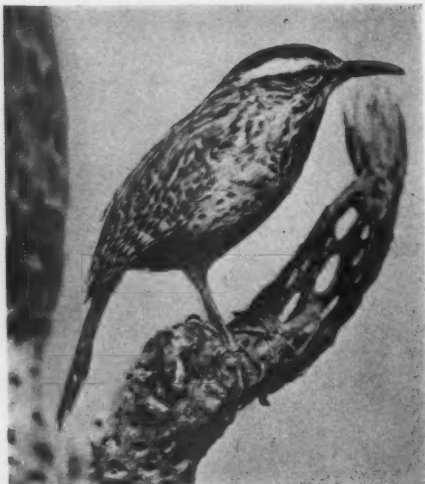
One of the most tragic wild life scenes I have ever witnessed involved a chipmunk and occurred in the Idaho wilder-

ness. While taking a sun bath in the front yard of the cabin where I was staying I noticed a chipmunk frolicking among some discarded bottles and cans. He was evidently in search of food. Anyhow, I soon heard a frightful commotion and soon Mr. Chipmunk appeared wearing a small bottle over his head. He had stuck his head into the bottle and couldn't get it out. And it was so heavy that he could move only with difficulty.

Suppressing a laugh, for I felt sorry for the little fellow in trouble, I hurried to him and picked up both him and the bottle. His head was tightly wedged and I couldn't get him out. What could I do to release him without hurting him? Then an idea struck me. Why not break the bottle with a small hammer?

I tapped lightly with the hammer and pretty soon the glass cracked. A little more work and the chipmunk was free. He bounded quickly for cover, badly frightened. But he didn't stay scared. The next day he took some grass from my hand, and before long he would perch on my shoulder, totally unafraid. Perhaps his friendliness was his way of saying "Thank you" to someone who had helped him when he was really "bottled up."

But, although this animal suffered no serious injury, I cannot help but wonder how many other animals have perished through having their heads caught in bottles or cans. If only people would take more care in disposing of their trash, many a tragedy might be averted. I know it taught me a lesson I shall never forget.



A Cactus Wren

### Wrens Hold Their Own

**M**Y father went on business to an adjoining county where he met a boy ten years of age who had become very much interested in wrens. He met with no encouragement from his father to build a house for the wrens. When he learned that my father was interested in birds he learned from him how to build a house for his feathered friends. He was delighted.

One year after the meeting of the two bird lovers the boy wanted to tell my father what experience he had had with the wren house. Soon after he built it and saw a pair of wrens ready for occupancy, an English sparrow came and took possession. The wrens tried to eject him, but failed; they then went off and returned with some of their friends, but even with this assistance possession still held. Again they appealed to a colony of their friends and they all assisted with plenty of mud with which they daubed up the entrance. After a certain length of time they cleared the doorway of dried mud, threw out the bones of the English sparrow, cleaned house in general and took full possession.

—Z. Jones

### My Conclusion

*Little acts of kindness,  
Little works of grace,  
Make the frowning neighbor  
Show a pleasant face.*

*Know these little treasures,  
Gather friends galore—  
Let the frowning neighbor  
Knock upon your door.*

*Feel the vivid goodness  
Hustle on its way  
Toward the vast surroundings  
Of another day.*

—Leo H. Sigl

### Evidence Retained

By G. M. ETHERIDGE

**W**E were never quite sure of "Pal's" origin, but of his loyalty to Jimmy, the little lad whom he always followed, we were never in doubt.

One spring evening when the melting snows had made the tiny creek, at the back of the barn, a roaring torrent, the lad went to play in the corral while his father milked.

For a while he shouted in glee as he ran back and forth playing with Pal, who barked a lusty accompaniment. Suddenly a scream of terror from the lad rent the evening stillness, bringing the heart of the father into his throat. Throwing the bucket as he ran toward that piercing scream the father cleared the fence without stopping for the gate.

When he reached the creek he found the lad lying on the opposite bank a very wet and frightened little boy. By his side stood Pal, also wet and dripping. Ten feet farther down the stream the lad would have hit the drift fence with its whirling vortex.

A half hour later, after we had the lad in dry clothes and filled with a hot stimulant, he told us what had happened. He had tried to cross the forbidden foot log and slipped off its wet surface into the icy waters of the creek. Pal had been at his heels and when he screamed the dog jumped from the log after him. He completed his story by saying, "And Pal grabbed my sleeve and pulled me back to shore." Nothing could change his story.

It sounded a bit fantastic so I picked up the lad's coat to examine it. There in mute testimony was the evidence I sought. One sleeve was ripped almost free from the coat. The heavy strain had been too much for it.

### What "Bruno" Remembered

By VINCENT EDWARDS

**A**N elephant's long memory is proverbial, but a dog's may be no less astonishing. One of the most remarkable illustrations of this was found at Florence, Italy, quite a number of years ago when a traveler came there on a visit.

When he arrived at the railroad station, he had along with him the inseparable companion of his tours, his pet bull terrier "Bruno." The dog was promptly turned over to the porter. But amid all the excitement and confusion of that strange place, Bruno escaped.

Naturally, the traveler was greatly upset. He hunted everywhere, but he could not find his dog. Before going to his hotel, he even visited the police station, but they had no word of any stray animal, such as he described.

It was more than an hour before the man arrived at the inn where he had his reservation. He had hardly spoken of his loss when the porter spoke up, "But your dog is here!"

The owner couldn't believe it.

"He ran in about half an hour ago," the porter explained, "and we didn't know to whom he belonged."

"The dog snuffed about the office for a minute or so and then ran upstairs. I gave orders to have him driven out, but the boys have been so busy he must be still up there."

The man dashed up to his room. There, on a mat before the door numbered 44, lay Bruno. At sight of his master the dog sprang up with the most frantic demonstrations of delight.

The owner recalled that two years before he and Bruno had been in Florence and had stopped at this same hotel, occupying the same room.

## Odd • Facts • in • Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

### The Odd Stargazer

*Now here's a fish that's rather odd;  
He looks like something's wrong,  
With both his eyes on top his head,  
And not where they belong.*

*But when he settles down below,  
To watch for foes and such,  
His eyes are very useful, then;  
He seldom misses much!*





# "Pommey" . . . . . By SUZANNE KEENER

THE first day I met her, a small ruffian about six years of age was making her life miserable. Backed into a corner of a building, terrified and dirty, she stood at bay as he hurled stones at her defenseless little body. No doubt she could have defended herself, but, having acquired dog-wisdom at an early age, she seemed to feel that the boy's actions should be endured because he was too young to know better.

I stopped the car and pleaded with him to be kind. Then I called to her and she came to me—snuggling close beside me on the seat of the car, and thanking me in her own way.

A door to door canvass of the neighborhood showed that no one either owned or wanted her, and she was mine.

Proudly we drove off together—I, proud of my newly acquired companion; she, proud at having been rescued by one who would give her a home. A bath brought out her beauty, and also the beauty of a disposition that had refused to be ruined by mistreatment.

Later, when her lovely coat had been combed, and she had been fed, I took her to a pet shop. There they told me she was a pure bred Spitz and, judging by her teeth, about eight months old.

Seven happy years have followed my finding her. Today she is just as young and beautiful as ever, despite having "littered up the house" three times

with snowy puppies—eighteen of them to be exact. The years have but sweetened her already angelic disposition and she is not only indispensable in my life, but is the reason why I am still alive.

Last week two pipes in the kitchen stove became disconnected early in the morning while mother and I were sleeping. The house filled up with gas (it is a very small house), and soon our sleep would have become a permanent one had not this wise little dog decided something should be done about it. Holding my hand, she pressed her teeth into it, gently, then not so gently—until she hurt me into consciousness. Terrible fumes burned my nostrils and eyes, and made my lungs ache; for at dawn I had closed the windows against the chill and had gone back to bed. Now, at ninety-three, with air shut out and gas shut in, breathing was nearly impossible. I did not want to wake. However, my dog would not allow me to lie there. Nearly unconscious herself, she insisted on pressing her teeth into my hand, rousing me to action.

Finally, on my knees, I went to the kitchen and struggled to open the door. One great breath of air, then I went back for mother. Unable to waken her from deathly stupor, I pulled her—feet first—out into the yard.

There the three of us lay for over an hour, too ill to sit up. Then, I called



Miss Keener and "Pommey"

a plumber to come and shut off the gas "swooshing" from the open pipeline.

The cruelly treated dog nobody wanted has been living with us but from this day on, we feel we live with her. For only by the grace of a kind God working through "Pommey" do we live at all. We hope she will be with us for many years.



## Private Entrance

THERE'S nothing like being independent—and cats are noted for just that very characteristic. But there's a cat out in Chicago, Illinois, that goes most of its fellow felines one better.

That cat is "Fluffy," year-old pet of the Philip Peterson family. Taught by the children, her real owners, of course, Fluffy uses the mail box, set into the wall beside the Peterson front door, as her personal entrance into the house.

The mail slot is about four feet from the floor of the porch, so after the kitten has had her play and exercise in the open air, she has to scale the outside brick wall, raise the mail-slot door and pull herself through the opening.

The accomplishment of this trick has saved the family from many a worry, for if Fluffy is out when no one is at home, they know that she can get into the house when it storms or if by chance she should be chased by the neighbor's dog. And another thing, they don't have to worry about being awakened at night by Fluffy's howling to be let in.



Acme Photo

THIS KITTY HAS A PRIVATE ENTRANCE (See story →)



Mutual love and understanding.

**T**HERE comes a time in the experience of every mother when she must answer this important question: Shall I permit my child to have a pet?

Some mothers unhesitatingly give a negative answer. They believe that pets make too much work.

However, after years of contact with other mothers and from personal experience with my own sons, I am convinced that the normal child longs for a real live pet—to feed and care for, to play with and to call his very own. Indeed, I have observed that the care of an animal is an excellent thing for a child.

Let me tell of just a few instances where pets have played a very important part in character building.

Roy was the only child of middle-aged parents. He was timid, and didn't make friends easily. He was lazy and wouldn't even put away his toys. He let his mother or the maid hang up his clothes. His mother indulged his every whim except one—she refused to let him have a dog, no matter how often he asked for one. She believed that a dog would play havoc with her smoothly running household. Roy's father was indifferent. His idea of making Roy happy was to buy him an expensive book or toy or give him a dollar to spend. It never occurred to him that Roy needed some responsibility, such as the looking after a pet would entail.

One day Roy brought a dog home from school. It was a gaunt, ragged animal, part Shepherd, part Airedale. The dog loved Roy. However, his mother gave it one glance, and then had the maid chase the animal away. Roy, who was only eight, cried bitterly. The next day the dog came home from school with him again—hungrier and shaggier than ever. Roy went into the house. He took his side-walk bicycle, coaster wagon, soft-ball and baseball bat, football and helmet, his fleet of toy trucks and his choicest books. He put them together on a pile in the playroom. Then he called his mother.

# Children

by Aileen Borden

Permission of The Christian Science Monitor



Pets have a steadying influence.

"You can give all of these away to other children," he said. "I just want the dog."

His mother relented. "Keep him," she said. But she added, "Take care of him yourself. If he causes trouble, he'll have to go."

Roy was delighted. He fed the dog, found a box in the basement and made him a bed, and then, with the aid of the maid, who liked animals, washed his new possession. He named the dog "Tige." After a few weeks of good care and food, Tige's lean body filled out and his coat improved. He went to school each day with Roy. Children who had never paid any attention to Roy now stopped to talk with him, and he began to lose his timidity and to make friends.

Roy was devoted to the dog. He no longer fussed and whined for new playthings. He was surprisingly obedient. His mother could not fail to notice the change for the better. She decided that if Tige could make so great a change in Roy, she could change, too. So she allowed Tige to come into the house, and gave him the run of the recreation room. She was repaid for her acceptance of the dog when a few weeks later Roy, who had been quite lazy about the home, asked his father for extra jobs so that he could earn money to buy Tige a handsome collar.

Shortly afterwards, in response to Roy's pleadings, the

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# n and Pets

*Bordeaux Eberhardt*

*The Christian Science Monitor*



Playmates share the happy hours.

parents started to take Sunday hikes with him, the dog, and a couple of friends. Meanwhile Roy continued to improve in many little ways. Eventually, the dog was the means of awakening Roy's parents to the fact that their son needed their companionship—and not just their gifts. Today, Roy is a manly lad of 16, and Tige is an ancient dog, beloved by the whole family.

I particularly recall the case of Julie, a pretty little girl of 12, who wanted a kitten. Her father and mother disliked cats, and, indeed, pets of any kind. For years she had asked for a kitten on birthdays and at Christmas, without results. Finally, she saved a dollar—and bought a Persian kitten.

Her mother's first impulse was to get rid of the animal at once, but being a fair-minded woman, she decided to let Julie have her pet. Her reward came when presently she noticed a change in Julie. The child's schoolwork improved, she came home without loitering, she helped with the housework cheerfully . . . and she won honorable mention for a drawing of her kitten in the Junior Art Exhibit.

Julie spent every spare minute with her kitten. Neighborhood children who hadn't played much with her now often came to the house to see and enjoy her pet. Interest in the little animal, which speedily grew into a beautiful red-gold cat, helped Julie in many ways. Goldie's mistress is eighteen now. She is a poised, unselfish girl, and Goldie probably had

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Companionship and care teach responsibility.

more to do with this than anyone knows.

A mother of four young lads, described by their teachers as being "wild as hares," had a hard time keeping them at home during vacation and after school hours. They had swings and a trapeze, a sliding board and all kinds of toys—but the other fellow's yard looked better to them, especially if it was far away from their own home. One night their mother read a magazine article on raising rabbits. Next day, she went to a pet shop and came home with two rabbits.

Her sons—the oldest of whom was 10 and the youngest 6—yelled with joy. "Hurrah! We have pets of our own!" they shouted. Then and there, they started to build a rabbit hutch. To make a long story short, those rabbits shifted the center of interest to home. They fed and cared for their pets, and entertained neighborhood children in their yard. The whole venture has proved a steadying influence.

Pets can be an excellent means of helping children to assume responsibility, and of bringing out good qualities in little folks—particularly the virtues of kindness and unselfishness. They mean work, of course, but the wise parent places the extra duties where they belong, on the shoulders of the children who own pets. Only by doing this will children benefit from owning animals.

Of course, discretion must be used in getting pets for children. A kitten should not be given to the child who is so young he mauls it. A small boy must not be given a dog until he is old enough to be taught to be good to his pet.

Animals, especially dogs, are generally devoted to the children who own them. But children must merit this devotion by feeding and watering them, and above all treating them with kindness. Parents must supervise the care of pets and see to it that children assume their responsibility. If they view the affection of their children for animals with tolerance and understanding, they will reap benefits in the way of seeing their boys and girls develop excellent character traits.



## Bird Bits

**B**ECAUSE of a bird a 200-unit housing project in Cambridge, Mass., faces a delay of 28 days. A kildee decided to build a nest on a pile of pebbles about to be used in the construction, and later laid an egg in the nest. Superintendent John La Camera ordered a protective fence built around the nest and that work on the project would cease until the egg was hatched.

There is an ancient belief that the raven was originally white, but was turned black for its disobedience. The Greek legend is that Apollo sent the bird to the fountain for water, but on arrival it found a fig tree with fruit so near ripe that the crow decided to wait until it was fully ripe; and since an excuse for the delay was necessary, it brought back to the god a water animal of some kind in its pitcher, with the explanation that the creature had drunk the fountain dry.

A pair of blackbirds built their nest on a clock in a school room in Lostock-Gralam, England, where they proceeded to rear their young. Access was gained through a small window near the roof. They often fed their young while a lesson was being taught.

"Johnny," a pet parrot with clipped wings, is a better walker than talker. The bird "hiked" 15 miles home to Evanston, Ill., after falling from the auto of a constable who had replevined the bird because of a row over its board bill.

A regular pigeon mail route operates between the lighthouse on Ailsa Crag and the mainland of England. The birds carry the letters in aluminum containers clipped to their legs, the whole mailbag weighing less than a quarter of an ounce.

—H. E. Zimmerman

## Sunrise Orchestra

By J. P. BATCHELLOR

Have you heard the Sunrise Orchestra?  
No? Then you've missed a treat!  
Robin red breast sings the Theme Song,  
Old black crow keeps the beat.

Song sparrow adds staccato,  
Sleek grackle plays the traps.  
If you really have not heard them  
Forego your morning naps.

They're not a bit exclusive,  
No dates the leader keeps,  
But I know "on authority"  
They're booked ahead for weeks!

# Livestock Loss Prevention

By EARL E. WENTZEL

*At a recent meeting of the New England Federation of Humane Societies, Inc., Mr. Earl Wentzel, Field Representative of the New England Livestock Loss Prevention Association, presented an excellent paper, the highlights of which we give below.—Editor.*

**L**OSS prevention does not stop at eliminating bruises and reducing losses in transit. Every attempt is made to assist the stockmen in getting the best out of their herds. One of the main fights is against parasites which eat into the vital tissues and bore through the hides to cause damage nationally, estimated at over fifty million dollars yearly.

Here in New England our main effort necessarily has been utilized at the stockyards and abattoirs. When inspections reveal that repairs are in order for the protection of livestock, they are requested. Provision of feed and water is also covered by inspections as is handling of the stock, both by yardmen and the public who use the yards.

The matter of handling is one of the things that needs most immediate attention. Unfortunately the small stockyards will remain about as they are with improvements only when it means an economy in operating expenditure. Slaughtering establishments are usually more amenable to improvement, especially when they can see that it will pay off in dollars. Therefore, with our capacity for reconstructing the stockyards at a minimum, if we can show a reasonable effect in improvement of handling, we shall have gone a long way in livestock loss prevention.

Stock cars and trucks are under continual inspection for hazards such as nails, uprights, and splintered boards. Railroads and truckers have been co-

operative in seeing that corrections are made when necessary. Partitions in mixed loads are also of prime importance and it is essential that they be in good repair.

A brief tour of inspection of the auction markets in southern Vermont showed that these auctions leave much to be desired, although there seems to be no infringement of the law. We noticed that although some effort is made to feed the "bobbed" calves that come to market, some of these animals would go without food were it not for the efforts of the local humane agents.

Loading facilities at various points were showed to be in good repair. At Rutland, Vermont, during the inspection, we observed the loading out of cattle and calves. The calves were loaded quite comfortably in a separate car, with twenty-five head of cattle in the other car. Following this shipment through to Boston, we found that the calves came through without loss, but there were two cattle dead and one downer that had to be destroyed. Preloading conditions accounted for two of the deaths and it was felt that the wiser course would have been to dispose of them at a local slaughter house.

An educational program must be considered of prime importance. Through education we shall progress most rapidly and substantially. It is just as important, too, to reach the farmer as it is the truck driver, and so it is that our educational exhibit travels to state fairs. This year a new exhibit is planned—a panorama type of exhibit emphasizing that livestock losses occur everywhere along the line from the farm to the packing house. An added attraction will be a revolving centerpiece on which our model bruised meat specimens will be mounted.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# "Juzelle," Housemother

By P. W. BEANEY

**H**OUSEMOTHERS, those harassed individuals who look after the wants and needs of children in private schools, come and go, at most places. But at the MacFadden Tarrytown School, the situation has changed for the better, thanks to a German Shepherd lassie named "Juzelle."

The Browns, nice quiet English folks, stepped into what must have seemed a pocket edition of Bedlam when they arrived in Tarrytown. For their charges are the youngest of the school, Second Graders, some thirty of them, boys and girls.

The problem, with this group, is one of getting them to and from their various classes, meals, and play periods, on time.

This is where Juzelle steps into the picture.

"Ma" Brown goes into the girls' dormitory to see that all is in readiness before breakfast, while "Pa" Brown supervises the boys.

Both groups are wont to fool and play, rather than tend to the more uninteresting business of grooming.

So Juzelle trots from one dorm to the other, and sits for a spell. Now Juzelle, like others of her kin, has funny little wrinkles on her "forehead," just above the eyebrows. These create a mixed expression of puzzlement and sadness.

"You see," says Ma Brown, "Juzelle is worried!"

"She has just been to the boys' dorm, and sees that they are ahead. And being a girl, she is naturally worried!"

In this manner, each "look" is exploited. When it seems that she is "laughing," she is really chuckling at one group because they are so far behind the others.

Being, as German Shepherds are, obedient by nature, is another item of interesting comparison. "See now, Juzelle minds better than you do!"

But the real prize occurred the other day, when the children were discussing the probability of Juzelle's becoming a mother shortly. The Browns were genuinely worried, because it seems that she has fooled them this trip, to the extent that it is anybody's guess.

Now, if Juzelle does not have puppies, how to explain it to these second graders, who have even decided where they will be born, and live?

Since it has been a real problem getting these little ones to hang up their coats, and place their galoshes neatly in their appointed place, a happy idea dawned on the Browns.

"We're very sorry, children, but she couldn't possibly bring a family here! To such an untidy place! Why, she'd not even dream of it!"

Well, Juzelle may have quite a bit of explaining to do, for if the children have anything to say about it, she'll never



"Juzelle," in person.

have to worry about "bringing" a family to their quarters! The youngsters are determined that Juzelle and Co. shall have all the comforts of a well ordered home.

Meanwhile, she will go on, wagging her substantial tail, rolling her impressive eyes, and using all the tricks of her trade.

For it seems that Juzelle actually has a trade these days, something new in Dogdom. Assistant Housemother!

## Honored Tenant

**T**HE landlord of the rooming house looked doubtfully from "Vigi," our beautiful Doberman Pinscher, to the desperation in our faces; while my wife and I struggled to convince him that the dog would be no bother at all.

"She never barks," we promised.

Finally he consented to rent us two rooms on the first floor, next to his apartment, as long as the dog behaved.

One evening we went to the movies. On our return we could hear Vigi barking, as soon as we turned into the block. We raced down the street, aghast, because a Doberman really is quiet, unless something is wrong.

"Now we are in for it!" I panted.

A knot of people outside our door, and the dog's mad commotion inside confirmed our worst fears. But the landlord advanced from the group, and taking my hand in a friendly grasp, said, "Your dog saved my life!"

The fumes of a leaky gas heater in his

apartment had seeped through into ours and Vigi had given the alarm, which awakened him from his after-dinner nap, before he was overcome.

From that day on Vigi was the most honored tenant in that rooming house.

—Elof Bernstorff

## Cat Proverb

**C**ERTAIN cat proverbs go back to exceedingly remote antiquity. This is notably true of the saying, "A cat may look at a king." Undoubtedly this originated when the ruler of the tribe was tabu and it was death for a subject to look upon his face, at least at certain periods in the year. The cat, however, was a sacred animal, not only in Egypt, as is generally known, but elsewhere, and possessing tabu, but of a different sort, was privileged to look upon the ruler at any time. A member of the tribe dressed as a cat when presenting a petition to the king, was immune to the penalty of royal tabu.

## Power to Survive

**A**NIMALS sometimes display extraordinary powers to survive hardship. Recently, in England, a black cat hid in a packing case containing an airplane engine, and was unknowingly sealed in. Six weeks later, the case was opened when it arrived at its destination, South Africa. The cat was still alive, though thin and weak from its ordeal. It had survived by licking the grease that covered the engine.

A cat hid in a street car excavation in London and was sealed in by the workmen who didn't see her. Three days later the excavation was reopened for additional repairs and the cat emerged unharmed.

Another instance of this remarkable survival power of animals happened in Georgia. A mule was struck by a car, and an instant later was knocked down by a second car. The mule merely got to its feet, shook itself, and trotted away.

—Samuel Hoffman

## Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Hospital Expansion

**T**HE growing demand for additional facilities for the care of sick and injured animals and strays has made it necessary to enlarge the present building in Springfield. Therefore, the work is under way and the new wing should be completed in about five months, if it is possible to obtain the materials needed. The approximate cost will be \$100,000, and the building will be of brick and concrete construction.

Important features of the building program will include four new wards, containing 84 cages, thereby increasing cage space to 175; four new examining rooms, operating room with three operating tables; new x-ray room and dark room for developing plates; new laboratory and pre-surgical preparation room; a drug storage room; new laundry and other essential features.

Alterations will double the present space in the waiting room. A new rear entrance will be provided for unloading the ambulance, and the basement will include adequate space for exercising dogs.

The increased facilities will enable the veterinary personnel, headed by Dr. A. R. Evans, chief of staff, to meet the rapidly growing demands for animal treatment.

Since the Springfield Branch Hospital was opened in 1932 more than one-quarter of a million animals have been

cared for. During 1946 there were 3,105 Hospital cases, with 1,638 operations; and 12,681 clinic cases. There were brought into the Hospital 3,331 stray animals, of which 2,437 were returned to owners; and 8,050 animals were given up.

The offices of J. Robert Smith, District Manager; Dr. A. R. Evans, Chief of Staff; John T. Brown, Agent; and Charlena Kibbe, Public Relations Director, will remain in their present locations.

### Unusual Accident

**A** MAN taking a dog which he had injured to the Springfield S. P. C. A. Hospital, wound up in the Infirmary himself. It seems that a young man injured a dog with his car. He stopped, picked up the dog, and started for the Hospital. A few moments later, thinking that the animal looked as though it was planning to jump from the window, he reached back to stop it, lost control of the car and crashed into a tree. The front end of the car was badly damaged and the machine had to be towed away. The man was treated for injuries at the Infirmary, but was not seriously hurt. The dog was taken to the Hospital in a police cruiser.

# Society News

## Springfield Area



After a hard struggle for existence, mother and children are doing well, under the expert care given by Dr. A. R. Evans.

### Case Continued

**A** MAN adjudged guilty in district court of cruelty to animals has appealed and his case has been continued for further hearing. Receiving a complaint that a horse and cattle were in poor condition and were not being properly cared for, our agent visited the farm and found eight cows, three calves, ten heifers, and one horse. There were two and a half bales of hay on hand and very little grain. The cows were all hide bound and in poor flesh, shedding hair, and looked as though they had lice or mange. The barn was in filthy condition, and apparently had not been cleaned for months.

The man was brought into court, found guilty and given one month in the House of Correction. Since he appealed, the case is now pending.

### Kitten in Well

**A** CALL was received at the Hospital to help in rescuing a kitten. The agent found that the kitten had fallen down about twenty feet inside the walls, from the attic, and could not get out. A noose was fashioned on the end of a rope, and a happy kitten was caught in it and brought to the surface. Five kittens were taken to the Hospital, all given up.



Construction started on the new wing of the Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., at 53 Bliss Street. (Left to right) Agent Brown, District Manager Smith, President Hansen, and Dr. Evans talking over plans.



# S and Service

## Boston Area



Valuable birds grounded in Boston by bad weather. Dr. Jones in attendance.

### Birds Grounded at Boston

**D**R. William D. Jones, of the Veterinary Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was called upon to inspect a cargo of valuable birds at the Logan Airport. They were enroute to New York when the plane KLM of the Royal Dutch Airlines, North American Division, was grounded here by bad weather.

Over 2,000 birds, including pigeons, canaries, finches, mules, and mixed songbirds were included in the shipment. When the weather cleared the birds again took to the air, although not under their own power, and proceeded to their destination.



### Off for Vacation

**M**OXIE," fourteen-year-old horse attached to the Boston Police Department, has been suffering from a minor foot ailment, so it was decided to send him to the beautiful, 200-acre Rest Farm of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. at Methuen for three months, when it is hoped he will be able to return to service. Officers William B. Dooley, Benjamin J. Donahue and William J. Burke, all of Station 16, are seeing Moxie off, while Pearl Graves, Society attendant, looks on.

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### Neglected Animals

**N**OT providing proper shelter and protection from the weather for nine cows which were put out to pasture, and not providing proper food for dogs at the same farm cost the defendant \$50.00 for the neglect of his cattle and \$100.00 for underfeeding his dogs.

Our agent visited the farm after receiving a complaint, and found that nine young heifers and two goats had been turned out to pasture. There was no feed in the pasture and no shelter, and the animals were in poor flesh. In the barn there were 10 head of cattle, in fair condition, and 19 dogs. Six grayhounds were very thin, but the others, three dobermans, five pointers and five cocker spaniels, were in fair condition.

The owner was very belligerent and uncooperative, so he was brought into Court. The defendant pleaded not guilty, but was found guilty on both counts. Although he appealed the case, the Superior Court upheld the convictions, and fines were imposed as stated above.



Be sure to provide water for your animals this hot weather.



"Moxie," fourteen-year-old horse, attached to the Boston Police Department, entering the ambulance of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for a vacation at the Methuen Rest Farm, pauses while the officers give him a farewell pat.

### Cattle Purchased on Loan

**A** REPORT was received by the Society that cows had been left in a barn to starve. The agent investigating found six cows and a bull, all about 50 per cent below normal weight. The barn was in poor condition and no feed was in sight. As there was no one on the place, the agent went to the home of a brother of the owner, who said that the owner was working in Rhode Island. The brother promised to feed the stock that night.

Later, the owner was contacted and said that he got the cows on a G. I. loan and had paid about \$650 on a \$2,000 mortgage which the bank held. He said of late he had not been able to afford to buy any grain for the cattle, and sometimes had less than a ton of hay a month. He had asked the bank to take the cows, as he was unable to feed them, but in view of his having kept up the notes they refused to take them back or advance any more money.

Our agent talked with officials of the bank and with their attorney, who said the Federal Government was in charge of the loan and the bank was not responsible for feeding the animals. The agent stated that as he saw the law, the bank was responsible, as they owned the cattle and the mortgagee was acting as their agent. On threatening court action for non-feeding, it was agreed that the bank should provide feed until they could foreclose the mortgage and remove the animals from the premises.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## By Boys and Girls

**N**OW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

### Animals

By ELIZABETH KELLER

*Some animals are very big,  
And others are so small,  
Some of them have long ears,  
Others, none at all.*

*The elephant has two long tusks,  
The bunny a snow white tail,  
The lion has a huge deep growl,  
A slow walk has the snail.*

*The zebra has some long black stripes,  
Or are his stripes of white?  
The bunny has two long pink ears  
The cat, sharp eyes at night.*

### Be Kind to Animals

By Roberta Fuller (Junior Sunday School)

It would be hard to imagine the world without the animals who have befriended us. My best adventure with being kind to an animal was while waiting at a bus stop, a small puppy came to me and stayed near to keep warm. I was surprised when he followed me onto the bus and right up to the steps of the church. After Sunday School I took him to the police station, where he was identified as belonging in Dorchester.

God created men and creatures equal, so it would be like hurting your own brother or sister to mistreat an animal.

### Who's Who in My House

By Helen McCormack (Animal Club of the Air)

"Lobo" was his name. I think there could be no better dog in this world. Yes, he was a big German Shepherd dog with the biggest heart, and with very high intelligence. All this has shown itself during the summer time when, even if I wanted to, I couldn't go in swimming without him. In winter, also, he positively would not stay in while I went coasting. I was mighty happy one day that he was with me and had teeth, because two boys were trying to take my sled away from me. They didn't get far though, for Lobo stopped them with menacing teeth which expressed the wish of wanting them to leave the sled and me alone. Now all this is past and I expect to have another who I hope will show as well as the faithful Lobo, who's who in my house.

### My Dog "Popeye"

By Betty Lou Osgood (Age 7)

One day when we were living in New Jersey, across the street the men in the gas station were laughing.

We were sitting on the porch and heard the noise. We wondered what it was about. My doggy was running across the lawn with a soda bottle in his mouth.



"Do you like my 'Popeye'?"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# CHILDREN'S PAGE



## My Kitten

By ANNA JOHNSON

*My kitten is cunning;  
She likes to be loved;  
She knows how to mew and to purr.  
She humps up her backbone  
And arches her tail  
Whenever I smooth out her fur.*

*She jumps and she dances;  
She chases her tail;  
She's smart as a kitten can be.  
She turns on her motor  
Whenever she likes,  
And plays buzzy music for me.*

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## Kitty-Cat Cross Words

By ALFRED I. TOOKE

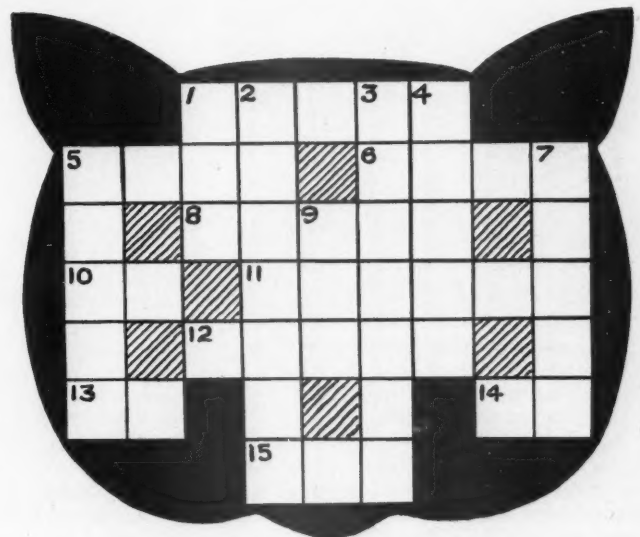
### ACROSS

1. Lady cat.
5. Opposite of "to."
6. How a cat drinks.
8. Cat's word for "Please!"
10. Short form of "right."
11. A cat is a good this when a dog chases her.
12. Calling name for a cat.
13. Bible word for "you."
14. Belonging to me.
15. What a cat breathes.

### DOWN

1. Cat's name that is a boy's name.
2. Land of the free and the home of the brave.
3. What you wish kitty's claws were if you get scratched.
4. What a cat is when sleepy.
5. Kind of coat a cat has.
7. Cat with no home.
9. Where cats like to be at night.

Answers to puzzle will appear in the September issue. See if you can get them all right.





## Dog Visits Sea Lions

**T**HEY are talking in San Francisco about the dog that makes periodic visits to the sea lions that live on Seal Rocks.

Whenever the dog feels the urge, it jumps into Pacific breakers and swims the narrow channel separating Seal Rocks from the ocean beach. Before it reaches the rocks it is met by some of the California sea lions that are one of the city's unique tourist attractions.

Dog and sea lions engage in some playful antics. Perhaps the dog nips a sea lion with its teeth during their cavorting, but at any rate the play always ends in one or more of the sea lions making vicious "swipes" at the dog with their flippers.

At that stage in the game the dog always heads back to the safety of the shore at full canine speed. So far it has always eluded the flippers of the sea lions—sometimes with seemingly only inches to spare.

Whether or not the sea lions actually turn from friendliness to open hostility during each appearance of their canine visitor is something that no onlooker on shore can explain. It may be only a bit of robust byplay on the part of these clumsy deep-sea creatures.

—Jasper B. Sinclair



## Juniors Meet



**T**HE above picture shows a few of the members of the Junior Humane Society sponsored by the Douglas County S. P. C. A. of Orondo, Washington.

With them is Mrs. Constance M. Barton, president and secretary. Mrs. Barton takes the children on picnics and seizes every opportunity to impart to them the principles of kindness.



Part of the audience which gathered at Society Headquarters for The Animal Club of the Air Broadcast.

## Broadcast at Headquarters

**A** GALA day for youthful members of the Animal Club of the Air was the occasion on June 7, when Albert A. Pollard, Society Treasurer and Director of the program, conducted his regular weekly broadcast over WMEX from the auditorium of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the Board, and Dr. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff, appeared on the program with Mr. Pollard, and several of the children told of their pets. Jay Mc-

Masters of WMEX was the announcer.

After the broadcast, the guests were conducted through the Hospital, visiting the patients and the various departments, and later were shown the motion pictures, "Fluffy the Kitten" and the Society's film, "Out of the Heart." Ice cream, which had been donated for the occasion by a friend of the Society, was served.

More than 100 children and some parents were present. All voted a good time.



## Loyalty of a Mule

By BROWNE SAMPSELL

**S**O outstanding is a dog's devotion that we almost take it for granted that he will stand by his master dead or alive.

But for a mule, a stubborn, slow-witted, sometimes vicious animal to guard the body of a man who had just bought the mule and died taking him home, that is unusual, at least in my experience.

Mitchell Griffith bought a mule in Scott County, Tennessee, thirty miles away from his home in Lancing. He started home on foot, leading the mule.

Two weeks passed and Griffith had not come home. After a sixteen day search a searching party found his body at the top of a remote mountain. The mule was close by keeping watch over the dead man. A coroner's jury declared Griffith's death due to natural causes.

## OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:00 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

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### AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

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## HOT WEATHER ADVICE

**A**LL animal owners should recognize the need for special care for their animals during hot weather. Veterinarians of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital stress the fact that the midsummer heat affects many animals in the same manner as it does human beings.

Horses, in particular, should receive special attention. More and more of these animals are coming back into general use in proportion to the scarcity of cars and supplies. In this respect, horses should never be forced to carry too heavy loads; generous amounts of cool water should be supplied and frequent rest periods made a part of the daily routine.

Thoughtless cruelty is also inflicted on many dogs which are left by their owners in parked cars. These animals, virtually imprisoned—often in the broiling sun, may suffer intensely in a temperature which may exceed 100 degrees. An owner should take his pet with him or, if that is impossible, park his car in the shade and open the windows at least two inches on opposite sides to insure proper ventilation.

Dogs, at times, are not too cautious about their own health—always ready to romp and play to the point of exhaustion. A considerate owner will not force his pet to exercise too vigorously.

Plenty of fresh, cool water should always be available for your dog or cat. Renew it frequently and keep the dish in a shaded spot. If your dog is tied outdoors, be sure he can reach the shade.

### Hot Weather Don'ts

- DON'T allow pets to remain in the hot sun.
- DON'T leave pets in stifling hot cars.
- DON'T overload work horses.
- DON'T fail to provide ample cool water.
- DON'T allow dogs near freshly-sprayed plants.
- DON'T allow animals near poison ivy.
- DON'T permit dogs to chase balls on beach.
- DON'T let dogs chase automobiles.
- DON'T abandon your pets when you leave your summer home.



